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construct

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Poems and prose are written by Future Collective

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We publish strictly digitally every two months. Access all our past and current issues at theconstructdocuments.blogspot.com. Contact us at construct.docs@gmail.com

Designed in Jakarta

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Cover photo:
The White Disease by Marlene Dumas, 1985.

Masthead photo:
First People by Marlene Dumas, 1990

CONSTRUCT 2018
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Fixed

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editor's note

Abstract Picture (Abstraktes Bild) by Gerhard Richter, 1992

When Prometheus stole fire from High Establishment he gave us a promise of carnage, but also a reason to assemble. We feel it now, in our bones, this inheritance of loss: the carnage continued as the assembly boiled down into the plastic assembly line of surrender.

Nowadays we look to past ashes as the soothsayer approaches tea leaves, even as we are backed into a thousand corners. Unborn children too, eavesdropping from their mothers' wombs on the strange hell outside, understand that every point is populated with heartbreak—every line has become an intersection, every corridor a cul-de-sac. Born aflame they soon realize that each defiant gasp of air is a beheading momentarily postponed.

At this critical juncture, perhaps what we secretly crave is to admit defeat in the face of so much rot. It just might be that only then, within that plot twist of revolutionary act, will we uncover the hidden whispers necessary to reforge our ties and rebloom our clasped hands. It is important now more than ever to violently trust each other with our lives: the road to perilous humility will only become steeper, while the toll gate to premeditated regret is forever displayed in HD, haloed and in vogue, ready to consume and be consumed.

Maybe the children know the answers; maybe they have always been trying to tell us. Their cries remind us that all human screams speak in the same flagless tongue of horror.

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A movie reel taped behind my eyes
Force-fed on screams
Visions
Bloodied gurgles / Sledgehammered fists
Spectacles
I want to reach beyond the veil
Solid breaths on this whimpering screen
Can you teach me how to touch a ghost?
In return for your kindness
I will show you how to plant a bomb
Inside my folds of flesh / Warm blankets
Offer you a tumbling trigger
With which I will blow myself
Into a multitude of howls
Is it too sci-fi to crave
Being in a million spaces at once?
To lose myself and rejoin the rest
Is to paint a rainbow hivemind
Inside a black and white sanitarium
No hurtful senses necessary
Just a feeling shared
Around this campfire / Pass the hot drink
That we are all in this together

Things
Things
Horrible things
they demand your time
demand your answer
demand your every move
demand your
life
You wish they won't look back
at you
Too bad
you're made of glass

THINGS

NOMADE

To think that language ends
at an imagined frontier
is to forget what the tounge can do
when it's not wrapped in a flag
I am
a native speaker
whose language is a mixture of experience and dreams
coloured by dialects of loss, failure, hope, determination…
pain and wonder
don't need dictionaries to bear meaning
that can be understood by
a heart that wants to listen to others like itself
translation is happening as we speak
between nods and glances
= mutual acknowledgement
= to speak of equality
is to say less and act more
that is to say: walk the talk
or better yet
just walk

all the way to the boundless
possibilities of human interaction
of kisses and innocent wishes
of a brand new day
and another way of living as
native speakers of our only world.

We know within ourselves that
we are better than we think we are
but why do we keep looking for answers?
is it because we don't want to think ourselves as
naïve human beings?

Hesitation hurts

Pop songs on the radio, they know
that we should love ourselves
Advertising know, we should own things
that will eventually end up
owning us
Consume
forget about the debts
for now

we don't need to be represented
by candy-coated lies with full on make-ups
false idols will eventually
jump off a cliff

To whom it may confuck,
What of the dead children?
Six years and twenty-eight lives
Are nil in abandoned coal mine pits
The Daily Amnion—drowned they float
Bouquet of balloons strung to lake
Stomachs black / cyanide gravelives
Beyond Friday se(r)m_n / I swallow
Your power, my candy fucking malls and
Arson is my daydream.

Feed on your own medi-sin won't you
Breathe the spittle of sodden kites
Kiss the pus of living room photoframes?
You won't. Corporate infanticide is
News/nothing, but, the, children,
Have bloated in abandoned
Smiling deflated CEO testicles / you die
Gurgling, blasphemed, but rich so hey:
Sleep, rest in lights angels, and you,
I will murder you too.